



IN WRONG

Jackson—Bunker has got himself into a nice fix.

Johnson—How?

Jackson—He wrote an article on "The Ideal Wife" for a ladies' paper last month.

Johnson—Well, what's that to do with his present fix?

Jackson—Somebody told his wife about it, and she's been reading the thing over during the past two days, trying to discover a single trait wherein his ideal resembles her. She hasn't found it, and Bunker dines in the city now.

"What has become of the big man who used to beat the bass drum?" asked the private of the drum-major. "He left us about three months ago." "Good drummer, too, wasn't he?" "Yes, very good; but he got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle."

SHE SHUFFLED—HE CUT

At a country ball a farmer had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant captain coming along, persuaded the young lady to cancel her previous engagement in favor of himself. The farmer, overhearing the conversation, went to a card table and sat down to a game of whist.

A few minutes later the captain stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he had forgotten that he was already engaged to another. Miss Coquette, much chagrined, then made tracks for the whist table, hoping to secure her first partner.

Nodding to the farmer, and with her face covered with smiles, she sweetly said:

"I think, sir, that it is time to take our places."

The old farmer, in the act of dividing the pack for the next deal, courteously replied:

"No, Miss S—; I mean to keep my present place. When ladies shuffle, I cut."

SHE WAS WRONG

For ten long but blissful years they had walked along the path of love; but as yet the lovesick youth had never mentioned about their getting married. Courtship is very charming; but when there does not seem to be altar rails at the end of it, girls naturally begin to lose interest in the game.

Anyhow, Jane thought it time that the marriage day was fixed, so she threw out a gentle hint to her lover by way of encouraging him. Encouragement, she thought, was all the dear fellow wanted.

"Nathaniel," she whispered, coyly, "they're saying we're going to be married soon."

"Are they, though?" answered the stolid swain. "What a jolly sell it'll be for them when they find out we ain't!"